Lillie Pozer 228398

Northern Messenger

VOLUME XXXII., No 31. MONTREAL AND NEW YORK, AUGUST 27, 1897. 30 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid.

Touring in Zululand.

A TRIP TO ESHOWE AND BACK AGAIN.

(By Captain De Rot.)

[The following lively account of a trip in Zululand appeared some years ago in 'All the World,' a Salvation Army magazine. It gives a good idea of the difficulties of work in South Africa.]

On account of the horses which were to take us on our journey not turning up in time, we were delayed a week in starting, but one Monday beheld us fairly on the trek. Our party was composed of Staff-Captain Morgan, his A.D.C., and Captain Clark.

After travelling some thirty miles, we outspanned on Monday night near a little stream of water, and were preparing for our first night in the veldt, when Captain Clark suddenly remembered that a friend of the Army lived somewhere in the neighborhood; so he was despatched on a reconnoitring tour, and shortly afterwards returned with the delightful information that we were all invited by those friends to spend the night with them at their house. Our host, a Dutch farmer named Maritz, with his family, received us with great kindness, and were very diligent in their inquiries about holiness.

Refreshed and thankful we pursued our journey the next morning. The following night, after a fair day's trekking, we outspanned near an Englishman's residence. He, in addition to farming, kept an accommodation house. We were here reduced to the dire extremity of having no water, the farmer having fenced in all the water on his farm. However, one of his boys very kindly passed us a dozen buckets of water over the fence and our necessities were relieved.

After some little difficulty with our horses, which had managed to get loose, we tied them up for the night, and laid ourselves down beneath the cart, where we slept soundly till five in the morning, and shortly after sunrise were once again on the road.

Our next outspan was at the Umlazi river, where we had a good bath. Fish are plentiful in this river, but we had no time to catch them.

Arriving at the Umvoti river, we came to a large sugar factory, and decided, if possible, to have some sugar-cane to eat, and for this purpose I went to the factory. Meantime, Staff-Captain Morgan spoke to one of the Zulus who was working on the place, and said, 'I say, boy, give me some sugar,' whereupon the indignant sable son of the soil replied, 'I am not a boy! I am the man!' He then told the staff-captain that he managed the business, and that he would give us as much cane as we liked. There being many natives in this locality, we outspanned, and soon had a number of children assisting us to bring water, wood to make the fire, and assisting in looking after the horses, etc. While the meal was being prepared, we held a conversation with a few natives, whom we found to be well educated and attending the mission-station not far from where we were.

Proceeding still further on our journey, we encamped at night so near the coast that we were kept awake a long time by the ocean's roar, and having spanned out near some trees, I was full of fear lest a mamba (snake) should take a fancy to swallow me up; but at length (to me) the ocean became silent, fear fled away, and I sank into slumber and dreamed of my last days at my last corps.

A ZULU KRAAL.

After four days' travelling, we came near to Eshowe. This part of Zululand is indeed a favored country. Bananas and oranges grow wild here. Beautiful trickling streams of water and waving palm-trees abound, while all around in the distance rise piles of majestic and beautiful mountains. Shortly before entering Eshowe, we outspanned by a small river's side, and again experienced the natural kindness of the ebon natives, who helped in making our fire and preparing our victuals. After we had finished our simple repast we read God's Word and prayed, the natives looking on with astonishment, not knowing what we were doing.

After prayers, Captain Clark asked some little native children if they knew God and anything about Jesus; but the dusky little ones replied they had never heard about these people, and set to eating the remnants of our repast, which was some mealie-pap, dipping their sooty little fingers into the hot meal in the pot, and conveying it to their mouths with great dexterity and eagerness.

We did not outspan till very late, more than an hour after sundown, as Captain Clark, who had gone on ahead looking for water, had not returned. We halloed, screamed, and shouted, but received no response. We pursued our search, and at last came to

TRAVELLING IN SOUTH AFRICA.

a kraal where we found the captain. The natives again brought water for the horses and assisted us generally.

At this point of our journey we found that all our provisions, with the exception of the mealie-meal, were done, but thinking we should soon be at our journey's end, we lay down and slept grandly. On awaking next morning we found that Jane, the mule, had reached the end of her life's journey and was lying stiff and dead.

We were now only three miles from our destination, and had on the previous evening seen the camp fires. We soon entered the village and outspanned our horses, thankful that we had got thus far on our journey, but our troubles were evidently not at an end, for a large swarm of insects, usually known as 'ticks,' came upon us—the Staff-Captain said—in thousands. Anyway, they gave me a deal of trouble to rid myself of them, and I think about five dozen must have settled on me.

We had the pleasure of an interview with

AN AFRICAN VILLAGE.

Colonel Carlew, the present Commissioner of Zululand, who, with Christian courtesy and great interest, listened to our proposals and plans for dealing with the Zulu natives, and gave us much valuable information about the country and its people. He also gave us a great deal of encouragement, by promising to facilitate our efforts, and to help us in our endeavors to win this part of Africa for Jesus in every way he could; and we went out from his presence with the conviction that we had talked with a great man, a man possessing true Christian compassion for all nations and races of men, and, as we learned, a man loved by everyone living at Eshowe, being highly respected as a man of God, a loyal servant of the Queen, and a good governor of the nation.

After we had viewed the land, seen the natives drilled, and seen how the new township is laid out, we went and had a look at the Residency, a splendid building commanding a most extensive view. Out of the front-room windows, we could see a most charming and wide expanse of Zululand stretching away to the Indian ocean, until the water met the sky, while from another window, the picturesque mouth of the Tugela river—the boundary of Natal and Zululand—is spread out before the beholder's gaze.

At one o'clock we left Eshowe, homeward-bound. We passed the remains of the unfortunate Jane (deceased mule), and ultimately arrived at our last outspan for the night, when your humble servant started to seek fuel for the fire, in order to prepare our supper, and while groping about amidst the grass for sticks, etc., espied what appeared to me to be a thick, dry stick. I stooped to pick it up, when—oh horrors! I found it was a—dreaded mamba!

'A mamba, captain! A mamba! Come here quick! Where are your sticks? Take some of the sugar canes; bring some stones, they'll do,' I shouted, but my directions fell upon unwilling ears, and, alas! alas! not one had pluck enough to come near the reptile. The natives who had drawn near because of my shouting, turned and fled when they saw the cause of the alarm, and increased our consternation still further by telling us that it would jump and spit into our eyes. At last we screwed up our courage and armed with big stones ventured to the attack, for the staff-captain had declared he would not stop at this place if the snake was not killed or removed. Drawing near, we hurled the huge stones with which we had provided ourselves, upon the mamba with all our force, and as it lay motionless we concluded it was dead, so getting a long stick one of us brought the dead snake to the cart, when to our astonishment and chagrin, we found that the snake that had caused such dismay in the camp, and over which we had got such a victory (?) had a piece of string tied round its neck, indicative of the fact that someone had killed it before. After a hearty laugh, and a few remarks at the fright caused by a dead snake, we had our coffee and sought our slumbers.

A sharp frost had taken place during the night, which rendered a cup of coffee very acceptable in the early morning, after which we inspanned our cattle and started again for home. We crossed the Tugela and revictualled at Stanger, a little village which lay in our track, and able to supply us with food for man and beast.

We learnt a lot of useful things on this journey; we got a smattering of horse-ology, drive-ology, and had some practical lessons in whip-ology, Staff-Captain Morgan, of course, being our teacher, for by this time he has blossomed into quite a driver.

At Stanger we met two well-dressed and educated Zulus, who requested us to stay for the Sunday at Grantville, on the banks of Umvoti, as their missionary had left on a visit to Durban. We promised them that we would see when we got to the place whether we could stay or not. On arriving, we met several people belonging to the mission station, and two of the elders, named Philip and George N'Xaba, most politely and earnestly requesting us to stay and preach Christ to them, we eventually decided to do so. So we brought our cart up near to the church, and as the minister was away and the parsonage locked up, we accepted their invitation to sleep in the school-room, and were very glad of the opportunity of doing so, as our bodies began to feel the effects of continually sleeping in the open air. We had just finished making our beds upon a small platform, when we heard a scrambling, clambering noise, and thinking it was the village natives climbing up to the windows to have a look at us, shouted out to them and asked them what they wanted. Not having a reply, and looking out and seeing no one, we laid ourselves down to sleep. Presently the noise was repeated, and, to our dismay, we found a small army of terribly big rats had taken possession of the school-room as well as us! Awful discovery! What ever was to be done? Terrible tales of rats eating people's toes and noses off came crowding into my mind, and I wished I were underneath the cart, rather than spending a night of terror in the schoolroom. Morning dawned, I had spent a sleepless night. Staff-Captain Morgan remarked that he had slept remarkably well. No doubt he did sleep well, when I lay on one side of him and Captain Clark on the other. I think I should have done so too under similar circumstances!

At half-past six a.m. we started knee-drill with fifteen and had a very good time. At eleven o'clock, the congregation met together, and I was deputed to be the parson. I preached from Isaiah i., 18: 'Come now, let us reason together.' We spoke through interpreters—two bright young fellows—and we have no doubt but the Spirit of God made a great impression upon the people.

At three o'clock in the afternoon we had a real free-and-easy. 'Will you go?' 'Hold the fort,' 'He pardoned a rebel like me,' etc., were sung in the Zulu language most heartily, and the truth of God was dealt out faithfully, and when we drew the net, we found that we had twelve splendid cases for the Saviour. We dealt with the people again through interpreters, and they each told us that they had accepted Christ as their Saviour, and were going to live for him. We announced that we should hold another short meeting in the evening at seven, so that we might bid them good-bye. The church was very lively on this occasion, for an evening meeting is very rarely held here. We had a very profitable time, and parted with the good wishes of these dear people whom we learned to love for Christ's sake.

Two days after, we reached Mr. Maritz's farm, where we stayed from Tuesday afternoon till Wednesday morning. We had a great deal of spiritual conversation with these dear friends, which was enjoyed by all parties.

At five on Wednesday afternoon, we drove into Pietermaritzburg, deeply thankful to God for his care and protection, very glad to be home again, and rejoicing in the fact that our journey had secured for us greater opportunities, greater facilities and brighter prospects for winning the great Zulu nation for our king.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Short Weight.

(Samuel Goodall in 'Cottager and Artisan.')

'Have any of you heard about Thompson, who kept the chandler's shop in Sandgate? He was up before the magistrates yesterday, and they fined him £10 and costs for giving short weight. Ned Trotter was in the Court all the time the case was going on, and I saw him last night at the Belvoir Arms, and he told us all about it.'

The speaker was George Moffat, and he asked the question of three of his fellow-workmen, who, along with himself, were seated in a railway carriage, on their way home from a day's work in the country.

'I'll see,' said Harry Gregson, another of the men, 'that he gets no more of my money. My wife has gone to his shop ever since we went to live in Morley street, and that will be three years come August. My word! he's got a rare lot out of us that he had no business to get. I wonder my wife never found it out, for she's a tolerably sharp one.'

'I would not have thought so much about it,' said Moffat, 'if his customers had not been most of them poor folks; some of them as poor as poor could be.'

'And I have heard,' said Will Hopwood, the only one of the party who had not yet spoken, 'that Thompson is a great man at a chapel of some sort or other where he goes.'

'I have heard that, too,' said Moffat; 'but there are only too many of the same sort; and I would not trust a man a bit better for reckoning to be ever so religious.'

Seated in a corner of the carriage when the men entered it was a staid-looking, elderly man, whom none of the party knew, though one or two of them thought they had seen him before. His name was Bowen. He was a good man, who having retired from business on a small competency, had found occupation for his leisure in various works of Christian usefulness; and, amongst other things, he had taken an active part in conducting a mission, in the very district in which Thompson's shop was situated.

HIS CUSTOMERS WERE MOSTLY POOR FOLKS.

Of course Mr. Bowen could not help hearing what passed; but for some time he said nothing. At length the subject on which the men had been speaking seemed to be talked out, and they were all silent. Then he spoke.

'I beg your pardon, friends,' he said; 'but will you excuse my saying a word or two on the matter of which you have been talking? I am sorry to hear what you have said about Mr. Thompson; and then, too, some of you have spoken of other men, who, professing, like him, to be religious, have done things just as bad, if not even worse.'

'Yes,' said Hopwood; 'and there are a good many more that some of us could tell about.'

'Well,' replied Mr. Bowen, 'even admitting that all you have said, and all the stories of the same kind that you could tell, are quite true, I should like to ask you a question. Did the men do those bad things because they were religious? I might put it in another way: Is there anything in the bible that either commands or encourages them to do such things?'

'Maybe not,' replied Moffat; 'but this is what I say: that when people reckon to be religious, they set themselves up to be so much better than other folks; and they are no better after all.'

'I don't think,' replied Mr. Bowen, 'that is exactly the way to put it. So far as I know religious people—and I know a good many—they don't set themselves up to be better than others who are not religious. All they say is that they believe it to be their duty to do everything that is right, and that seeking God's help, they are trying to do it. Still, any good man would tell you very humbly that he often comes far short of what he aims at.

'But now there's another thing I should like to say: I don't think Mr. Thompson is

the only man in Nottingham who could be convicted of giving short weight.

'I am thinking of other people than tradesmen. You are all strangers to me, and so I hope you will not be offended if I say that I wonder if there is anybody here who always gives full weight and measure.'

'That can't mean me,' said Gregson; 'for I never had a pair of scales or a measure in my hand in all my life—that is, to sell anything with.'

'Nor me,' 'Nor me,' said two of the others.

'You mean something else, sir,' said Moffat; 'what is it?'

'Here is one thing, then,' said Mr. Bowen. 'I was a working man once; and I know something of what working men used to be, whatever they may be to-day. Now I have known at least a few working men who, whilst they could stand up stoutly enough for "a fair day's wages," were not quite as anxious about giving "a fair day's work."

'When the master or the foreman was out of sight they would idle away their time, or work with hardly half their strength; and I won't say I never deceived in that way myself. Now, to my mind, that is just the same as giving short weight over a counter.'

Just at this moment the shrill whistle of the engine announced that the train was close to the railway station; and of necessity this stopped all further talk, or probably Mr. Bowen might have told them of some other ways in which they and other people, too, give short weight.

'I say,' said Gregson, as the men walked together from the station, 'who is that man? I've seen him before, but can't say where.'

'I don't know,' said Moffat; 'but don't you think he was beginning to turn the tables on us a bit? There's no knowing what he might have done if he had only stayed ten minutes longer.'

A Lesson of Life.

One bright autumn Pearl Fenwick came slowly down the stairs of her cottage home wearing a very discontented expression. The day was Saturday, and Pearl being free from school duties had been performing her usual work of sweeping and dusting. This she had done with a faithful, careful hand, for Pearl was naturally conscientious in the performance of all her duties. But this morning her work had been done in a perfunctory way and when finished it was without the cheerful spirit which usually accompanied her completed work.

'Mamma,' said Pearl, as she came into the little kitchen where Mrs. Fenwick was doing the Saturday's baking, 'I am tired to death of this everlasting round of sweeping and dusting. It is work five days of the week in school, and then on Saturday this tiresome housework; I am tired of the whole round and of this unprogressive little town; I wish something would happen.'

Mrs. Fenwick was a widow whose husband had given his life as a volunteer in the war, when the blue and the grey, brothers, but alas! divided, fought so bravely.

Many were the homes made desolate, among them that of Mrs. Fenwick, who was left with little Pearl with little but an active brain and willing hands to provide food and clothing for herself and daughter. It was the mother's ambition that Pearl should be well educated, and thus be enabled to more successfully fight life's battle. So the mother toiled early and late at her needle that Pearl might be kept in school until she should finish her high school course, which object for which she had striven was in sight, as Pearl was in the last year of the high school course.

'My daughter,' said Mrs. Fenwick, 'it grieves me to hear you speak so discontentedly. Have we not great reason to be thankful, and can you not feel happy in the thought that you are helping mother, and will soon be able to lighten my cares when your course in school is finished?'

'I suppose you are right, mamma, but I do get so tired of the same old round of duties. I wish something strange and unusual would happen just as it does in the stories I read.'

Pearl was but sixteen. She had passed the long summer vacation in pleasant visits with her cousins, and now the return to her quiet home life and round of duties seemed very irksome to her.

A few days passed and Pearl came home from school one day to find her mother lying on a couch in the sitting-room with fever-flushed face.

'What is the matter, mamma?' inquired Pearl, anxiously.

'I hope it is nothing serious, but my head aches so badly and I feel so very tired it seems to me I never want to sit up any more. You must get tea for yourself, and attend to the work, for I am not able to get up.'

By morning Mrs. Fenwick was in a high fever and Pearl went at once for a physician. When he came he looked grave, but said little, only insisting that a nurse be found at once. This was done by Mrs. Fenwick's brother who lived in the same town, and everything that could be done by kind neighbors and friends to make the sufferer comfortable, was done. Mrs. Fenwick grew worse daily and soon lay in a stupor from which she could be aroused with difficulty.

Mechanically Pearl went about her daily work of preparing food for herself and the nurse, and the few services she was allowed to perform for the sufferer. It had never occurred to her that her mother could be taken from her, and when at midnight one night she was aroused to go to her mother's bedside, she was entirely unprepared for the scene which awaited her. The mother who had loved her so dearly and cared for her so tenderly, always shielding her from the rude contact of the world, lay unconscious, her life ebbing away. To Pearl it seemed that the end could not be near and that there must still be a hope of her mother's recovery. After a few breaths which came more and more lingeringly, the sound of the last expiring breath smote Pearl's ears as a dreadful knell. The friends about the bedside perceiving that all was over began quietly to make preparations for the care of the slender form which death had robbed of its jewel. Mrs. Fenwick, in all the long years of her widowhood, had been a trusting Christian. To her the Master had said 'Well done.' There was no doubt in the minds of the sorrowing friends that she was even now rejoicing with the heavenly choir who welcomed her to the home above, where there shall be no more tears, and 'sorrow and mourning shall flee away.'

In the excitement of the time no one thought of Pearl or noticed that she passed quietly out into the night. She made no demonstration nor did she at first shed any tears. Her sorrow was too overwhelming. She stood in the doorway which her mother had so often entered and wherein she would come no more, and looked out into the quiet September night. The air was still except for the lonesome sound of cricket and katydid from the oak tree. The dome of the cloudless sky arched above glittering with stars, and Pearl looked upward almost expecting to see shine suddenly out in the blue, a new star which should herald her mother's coming into her inheritance. But no change came over the heavens and all nature seemed irresponsive to her great grief. Back into the lonely home she went and sat down before the much worn sewing machine, over which her mother had so often bent.

Laying her head upon its table she gave herself up to grief-stricken thoughts of the loving mother whom she through all her life should mourn. Did the thoughtless words return to her, as she shrinkingly realized the change that had come to her? Who can tell? But those hours of bitter grief and sorrow wrought a great change in Pearl. The life experience had brought her womanhood, and in the days of trial that followed, when the last sad rites of the burial of all that was mortal of Mrs. Fenwick were performed, Pearl bore herself with a calm endurance, bravely trying to bear the lot placed upon her.

When all was over, and Pearl was ready to leave the dismantled home, it was decided that she should go to live with an aunt, a sister of Mrs. Fenwick's, in a neighboring city. Among all her relatives, and they were many, this home alone was open to the homeless girl, and it proved a home indeed.

When the morning came for Pearl to start for her new home, a group of her school friends went with her to the train. All too soon came the rushing train, which was to bear Pearl away from the little village to the teeming city where she was an entire stranger, except in the family of her aunt, Mrs. Farrar.

On the journey Pearl thought seriously of the changed circumstances in which she would be placed, and resolved to do her best to repay the kindness of her aunt. Mrs. Farrar was one of those noble women of which the world has too few, of a large-hearted generous disposition. Though her home was plain and her means not ample, such was her generous spirit that she took Pearl gladly, willing to fill for her a mother's place.

Pearl entered at once upon the duties of her new home, continuing her course in school, and assisting her aunt in the work of the home. Often as she thought upon the past, of the great sorrow that had come to her and of the unknown future which lay before her, she recalled her thoughtless words of that September morning, and with the heart ache that returned with their memory, she questioned why she should be so sorely bereaved. No answer came to her questionings, but the rolling years will show the depths of the Heavenly Father's love, and Pearl has learned to say, 'Thy will and thy way have been best for me.'—'Michigan Advocate.'

Victoria, in her little girlhood, was spending the day with one of her royal aunts. That grand lady, wondering how to entertain the child, made a sudden rash offer: 'Victoria, you shall amuse yourself just as you want to amuse yourself, to-day. Choose anything—anything—and you shall do it if it is possible.' The small guest took in the gravity of the situation, meditated carefully, and announced her decision: 'I have always wanted to wash windows.' The word of an Englishwoman held good; the usual pail, chamois skins, etc., were provided, and the future Queen of Great Britain scrubbed away diligently to her heart's content. How many of those whom we envy, envy us! Perhaps we are coveting pleasures which they would be only too joyful to exchange for some of ours; pleasures which we have tried, and would gladly give away if we could.—'Forward.'

The Nail in His Reputation.

Horace Warfield stood on the floor of the barn with a pitchfork full of hay in his hands. He had just taken it from the mow to put into the horses' stalls. A look of consternation was on his face, for a pocket-book had dropped out of that fork full of hay and was lying at his feet.

'Well, if that doesn't beat all,' he exclaimed, 'but then, of course Ralph took the money out, and here is where he hid the empty pocket-book.'

The boy took the pocket-book from the floor and opened it. It was just in the same condition it had been in when it so mysteriously disappeared that hot summer's day in haying time. One dollar bill, a fifty-cent piece, two dimes, a nickel, and one cent. Ralph did not steal the pocket-book after all. It was as clear as daylight to Horace now. He remembered taking his overalls off in a hurry that afternoon to go into the house and see Miss Somerville, who had come to ask if he would take the tickets at the door for the Christian Endeavor Dime Social that week. He remembered that he and Ralph were mowing the hay away, and he took his overalls off and the pocket-book dropped into the hay. It was not a usual thing for Horace to carry his pocket-book in the pocket of his overalls, but he had been making some change for his father and slipped the pocket-book inside in a hurry. And he had made himself believe that Ralph had stolen that pocket-book. True, he never had heard of Ralph's taking anything before and he had worked around among the farmers there for three years or more. When they were in stress of work Ralph would be hired, for he was a handy lad and a Jack of all trades. Ralph's father was no honor to his son, not that he was a thief, but he was a shiftless, drinking man, and lived on the earnings of his wife and Ralph.

Horace argued that such a father would not be unlikely to have a son, who might be tempted to steal money when it was such an easy matter and at the time of such a temptation. But here was the substantial, practical proof that Horace had wrongfully accused an innocent person. He thought the reason Ralph stopped going to the Christian Endeavor meeting right after that, showed that he was guilty but not enough of a hypocrite to go to meeting and pretend to be in earnest when he was at heart a thief.

To be sure he never accused Ralph in direct words of taking that pocket-book, but he asked him very pointed questions, and the boy knew Horace suspected him of being a thief. A coldness came at once between the two boys. Horace's endeavors to get Ralph interested in the Christian Endeavor and the Sunday-school came to an end. He became a hinderer, instead of a helper, in poor Ralph's life. 'Horace thought him a thief. Horace had no more confidence in him,' and so the boy drifted away from the safe anchor his fellow friend thought to give him, and all through his friend's false accusations. Horace remembered something he had read in one of George MacDonald's stories: 'It is a hard thing to be wronged, but a terrible thing to wrong any one.'

As Horace put the pocket-book in his pocket and went to carry the hay to the horses, he remembered how anxious Ralph had been to get a place that winter where he could work for his board and go to school. Mr. Whitefield came over, not long after Ralph had left Horace's father, to ask about the boy. He was thinking of taking him for the winter. Mr. Warfield was not at home and so he spoke to Horace in regard to the matter.

'He is all right as regards work, Mr. Whitefield, no doubt but he will do well for you—but—'

'But, what, Horace?'

'Well, I don't like to say. Of course you won't mention it, as no one knows of the matter outside of our family—a pocket-book of mine disappeared very strangely one day in haying time, and under very suspicious circumstances, too.'

'Well, that's enough. I don't want any such boy around; glad you told me. I shall not hire him. His father is a miserable sort of a man; sorry if the boy is going to take after him. Good bye,' and Mr. Whitefield drove off.

'Mr. Whitefield,' called Horace. 'Mr. Whitefield, stop a minute. I don't want to injure Ralph; father and mother don't hardly think he took the pocket-book, but I tell you things pointed right that way.'

Instantly there came to Horace's mind a quotation he had used in his essay at the High School exhibition. It was from Lord Bacon, and Horace had thought it a fine point to make in his essay: 'Even when we speak in terms of commendation we are sure to come in with a but at the last and drive a nail into our neighbor's reputation.'

Horace had driven a nail into the reputation of a poor boy who had nothing but his character to help him on in the world.

What was to be done? Conscience said: 'Lose not a moment in making wrong right.' But pride came in and suggested the humiliation of being found as a false accuser of his neighbor. What would folks think of him? Should he put the pocket-book away and let the matter rest just as it was?

'No, no,' he exclaimed, 'not that. I will go to Ralph and to Mr. Whitefield and tell them I was wrong and how sorry I am,' and the boy fell down on his knees in the barn floor and asked forgiveness for Jesus' sake for the wrong he had done his brother, and prayed for help to do his duty in making that wrong right, so far as it was possible.

'Father, mother,' he said, as he went to the supper table that night; 'I have done a grievous wrong. Ralph did not take my pocket-book. I found it in the hay mow with the money all there just as I left it.'

Then Horace related how he knew the way the pocket-book disappeared. As soon as supper was finished Horace harnessed a horse and drove off five miles to the place where Ralph lived.

'Is Ralph in?' he asked of the thin, pale discouraged-looking mother, who came to the door.

'He hain't come home from the wood lot yet. He's chopping for the saw-mill folks. He didn't never take your pocket-book, never. Ralph is just as honest and just as he can live.'

'I know he didn't,' replied Horace. 'I've found it. I came to tell him about it, and ask his forgiveness for the way I treated him.'

The woman burst into tears.

'O, how I wish you had found it before. It's made Ralph a sight of trouble being suspected about that pocket-book.'

'I haven't told any one but our folks and—'

'You told Mr. Whitefield and he told his wife, and his girl Laura, she overheard it, and she told it at school, and lies travel awful fast, so it's all over town. Ralph would not have told me about it; he does hate to tell me things that bother me. You see, I've had lots of trouble, and Ralph, he is awful good to me. He thinks because his father hain't all he ought to be to me that he ought to make up somehow. He don't take after his father, nor none of his folks. He always says, "Never mind, mother, I'll make you proud of me yet."

Horace stood inside of the kitchen door. He wondered how he could live in such a cheerless place. He heard Ralph stamping the snow off from his boots outside. He went out, and Ralph looked fiercely at him for a moment.

But soon Horace had poured out his repentant story to the boy he had wronged.

'I can never do enough for you to make up for the injury I have done you.'

'Well,' said Ralph, 'I forgive you, Horace, but it was tough, now, I tell you. I lost my courage, and I stopped going to meetings. I thought if a fellow like you, with so much to help you along to do right, would be so mean as to pull me down that way, I didn't want no more of such a sort of religion.

'I am so sorry, Ralph, I was the means of Your losing your place at Mr. Whitefield's.'

'I didn't relish very much having Mr. Whitefield think I was a thief, but it was better I didn't go there, although my heart was set on going to school again. You see, it's different with my mother from what it is with your mother, and she sort of depends on seeing me around the house, besides we need the money I earn cutting logs for the mill folks.'

When Horace went home that night, it did not seem to him he could ever make up to Ralph the wrong he had done him. He was resolved with God's help to do all he could from that time forth to help Ralph and make life easier for him, instead of harder, as he had done.—'Evangelist.'

The Singing of Mary Lane.

('Sunday Companion.')

In one of the suburbs of a great city stands a house that excites the interest of every one who sees it for the first time.

This house was built many years ago in the midst of a first growth of oak and birch. For years it was nearly surrounded by thick woods. No dwelling was near it. The winds in the trees, and the breaking of the waves on the shore near by, were the sounds which lulled its inmates to sleep.

All the surroundings have changed. Railway trains pass not far away every few moments. A great road extends to the city. Beautiful homes stand near by, with green lawns and stone walks. Though the scenes of modern city life now surround this plain farmhouse, it is by no means a blot on the newer life. It makes a restful picture there, with its suggestion of peaceful country life.

It has an old, unpainted barn, surrounded by large oaks, and a delightfully irregular wood-pile, reminding many a hard-worked business man of his early home. Two cows and an old horse feed in a strip of grass, which is all that is now left of a pasture. Spreading branches of great trees shade the yard; a few rude seats give it an air of comfort and hospitality.

The whole place tells of a life not in sympathy with the struggle for wealth, or the mad rush for social prominence in the great city near at hand. The peace of contentment broods over the scene, which almost rebukes, by its repose, the neighboring evidences of a desire for display.

When the house was built it sheltered a plain family, one of whom was a dark-eyed, dark-haired girl. In the heart of this girl burned a concentrated fire of enthusiasm. She inherited from an excellent ancestry a strength of mind and a singleness of purpose which were revealed even in her childhood, and she joined with these qualities modesty and sweetness of character.

She had a passion for music; but she received little encouragement at home in the

development of her ambition. This lack of sympathy was not due to want of love, for her parents were devotedly attached to this quiet maiden. But as has happened in many cases, they did not see deeply into a life so closely knit to their own. And even if they had been aware of her talent, they would not have been able to help her in the studies she so longed to pursue. It became a matter of jest in the family that Mary went to the old piano whenever an interval could be found in the housework.

At first she gave herself, with some little assistance, wholly to piano music; but one day Mary Lane discovered that she had a voice.

To be sure she had always sung about the house and in church — sung with all her heart. But the discovery she made now was a revelation to her. She found that she could express in song that hitherto unexpressed longing to be and to do something in the world.

The accumulated energy of generations seemed to struggle in her mind; and on this day she poured out her half-understood desire in passionate song.

In the years that followed, this young girl, so much alone in her inner life, walked long distances to school, and practised and worked as few girls do to-day. Her hard household toil was all done quietly and cheerfully. Her ambition, though it appeared to be so hopeless, did not embitter her life. Her heart was true to every womanly instinct, and her soul was kept pure and unsoiled. She was content with the plainest dress, because it was necessary; but she had all a girl's love of the beautiful. She moved with unconscious grace among those who had abundance, nor was she ever troubled by the contrast.

All these years she was training her voice as best she might; but, except at school and church she never sang in public,

Meantime, a piece of what seemed to her great good fortune befell her. An excellent vocal teacher heard her sing at church, and offered to instruct her for very little money for the pittance, in fact, which she received for singing in church. Already her voice had taken hold of many hearts.

But it did not occur to any one that Mary Lane was becoming a great singer. She could not be that, in their estimation, because, she was the simple, modest country girl whom they had known from her childhood, who had carried milk to their doors day by day but a few years ago. And yet there was a growing desire to hear her sing.

'One cannot keep the tears back when she sings in our church,' people were accustomed to say.

One evening an audience was gathered in a great concert-room in the neighboring city, listening rather indifferently to the performances of some students of music. It was at the close of a long and brilliant musical season; and this concert seemed like an anti-climax to it all.

'We have heard enough, haven't we?' said one music teacher in the audience to another.

'Yes, indeed!' the other replied. 'Another pupil is to sing. We may as well make our escape now.'

Before they could make their escape, however, a girl came down the stage who could not be more than twenty years of age. The bow she made was hardly more than a timid nod. For a moment she stood with her hands clasped in front of her.

A look of fear came into her eyes while the opening measures of her accompaniment were played. It was an expression of pleading embarrassment. The accompanist waited, and then played the prelude again. Still the girl stood silent; she had forgotten the words of her song.

The frightened pupil was about to leave the stage when her teacher, who was playing, turned and softly sang the first words. Meanwhile the audience sat patiently enduring.

'What an imposition upon people's good-nature!' exclaimed one of the two music-teachers who had tried to make their escape.

A look of relief came into the eyes of the embarrassed girl. The blood surged back into her face. Forgetting all else, she looked straight out before her and began. All at once a change came over the entire audience. There was that deep hush which betokens breathless attention. Many who had retired to the lobby returned to the doors and listened.

The eyes of the singer seemed to be looking far away into some distant country as she sang 'Love not the world.' The words and the melody flowed out with the freedom with which a stream ripples along its bed. There was a depth of feeling and devotion in her singing of this simple song which many who were present had never heard equalled.

The air seemed to sob and vibrate with melodious entreaty. There came to the mind of one of the two waiting music-teachers at that moment the long-forgotten words of the old German hymn, 'Gott Rufet Noch':

'God calling yet; I cannot stay;
My heart I yield without delay;
Vain world, farewell; from thee I part;
The voice of God hath reached my heart.'

The pleading, wonderful tones of the unknown singer bore on their notes the words, 'But he that doeth the will of God abideth for ever, abideth for ever.' As these last words were sung the singer became radiant in the glorious prophecy of her song. The stillness in the room was profound. At first it seemed like sacrilege to applaud, but in another moment, hundreds, by a common impulse, rose to their feet all over the house, clapping their hands and crying 'Bravo!'

There were critics present who had come, not from inclination—for they expected no good performance from these beginners — but out of courtesy to the faculty of the musical school. These critics had many times heard the greatest of singers; but never before had they seen such an effect as this produced upon any audience by the human voice. And these critics were standing on their feet, too, applauding and cheering, while tears ran down their cheeks.

The pure intense soul of the singer had combined with the marvellous gift to produce that 'fervent voice,' only found in its perfection when joined with a fervent soul.

The girl, astonished, and frightened at the effect of her singing, merely bowed in her timid way at the persistent applause, and disappeared.

Next day her musical instructor called upon her in delight. He saw a brilliant future of public singing before her.

'And now,' he said, 'what are your plans?'

'Why, I have no plans,' she said, 'except to keep on with my music as I have time. My desire is to do what good I can with my voice.'

'What!' he exclaimed involuntarily, 'You will of course go on the operatic stage? You have a fortune in your voice and your dramatic power.'

'No,' she said, simply, 'I did not learn to sing to make money. My duty is here at home. My ambition is to sing that I may, if possible, give pleasure and do good, But I should never enjoy singing to fashionable audiences—it all came to me the other night. If I can sing in my own church, and to the sick and poor, it will bring me the satisfaction that I want.'

Mary Lane suddenly found herself famous among musicians. Excellent offers were made to her by operatic managers. She was asked again and again to name her own terms, but all these offers were firmly and modestly declined.

Men who were familiar with all the elegancies of life, and accustomed to the attentions of people in many countries, went up that grass-grown walk to knock at the door of this farm-house. Every one was received by the young singer with a shyness in quaint combination with a womanly dignity. From some of them she had to excuse herself now and then, in order to attend to her bread baking in the oven.

'I believe I know my mission,' she would say.

That mission was soon evident to all. This gifted singer, who could command the homage of the world if she would, desired to spend her life in bringing delight and comfort to the poor and heavy-laden. She sang in crowded prisons with a voice and expression that had such beauty and power in them that many a hardened old sinner bowed in contrition 'to think such a one as her should care for fellers like us.'

Musicians of eminence would leave their engagements and make every effort to be present when she was to sing, if they could gain admission. The most accomplished pianists asked the privilege of playing her accompaniments, that they might hear her singing, and witness its effect.

No one could tell when she would next appear. Sometimes it was at the bedside of an agonized sufferer, whose spirit would be soothed and refreshed by a voice so full of love. Sometimes in a hospital the strains of 'Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish,' floated down through the long lines of cot-beds. Often a weary wayfarer 'fell asleep' under the influence of that voice, in the blessed hope of immortality, to awaken in a land where there is no more pain.

Many came back to life as though summoned at the call of the singer. Her voice had in it hope and courage always.

A man who had been cruelly injured in a railway accident was given up to die. Just at this time Mary Lane came to sing in the hospital. The man heard her. It was the turning-point in his case and he rallied.

'When I heard that blessed angel sing,' he said afterward, 'I made up my mind to get well, and get well I did, God bless her sweet soul!'

Once fifteen hundred newsboys and bootblacks sat motionless as she sang to them for nearly an hour. And then!—the only thing that would quiet the boys was for the sweet singer herself to go down and stand among them, and say a few words in a bright, laughing way, and then promise to sing once more if they would go out quietly.

Then came a song thrilling and astonishing in its effect. Dirty sleeves were hastily drawn across dirty faces as she sang gloriously of a noble, manly life. The boys went out of the building with a quietness that was at once pathetic and amusing. But once outside, from fifteen hundred throats arose a mighty shout for her who had stirred their better natures as they were never stirred before, nor perhaps ever after.

I would hardly dare say how much was offered to Mary Lane for one song at a private house. When she consented to sing under those circumstances, which was rare, the money went for her work of love.

Her own little country church became crowded to suffocation. She ceased to sing

there regularly, for people came as if to an entertainment.

In her yearning for others she forgot herself; and while still hardly more than a girl in years, the dear voice was hushed for ever; and yet not hushed, for its sweet tones echo ceaselessly. 'The world passeth away, and the lust thereof; but he that doeth the will of God abideth for ever.'

Not long ago I made a visit to that plain little house. There I saw the tributes of genius and affection. Pictures painted by noted artists hung on the papered walls among the common prints. Stored away are gifts she could not refuse, because they came from such thankful givers. Everywhere about this home, now dear to thousands, are evidences safely treasured of a queen of song and her splendid reign.

This is why that old farm-house is so precious to the dwellers of a great city. For a dark-haired girl seems to stand on its threshold looking out on humanity in the spirit of the One she loved. There she seems to sing evermore, as a messenger from heaven. She sings as she sang with clasped hands years ago saying, 'Love not the world'; and that voice will go singing through years to come as parents tell their children the story of her song.

Some Arab Games.

(By L. S. Dubois.)

'Do Arab boys have any fun?' I hear some boy ask. Indeed they do, and plenty of it. They are just as eager and active a set of lads as can be found anywhere. They are children of Abraham, and the promises that God made to the old patriarch are fulfilled in the Arabs of to-day just as truly as were the prophecies concerning the Jews. They are not scattered abroad as are the Jews, but they are a powerful factor in the countries which they do inhabit. Though they have often been beaten, they have never been conquered, either in war or in diplomacy. Naturally the boys of such a race have characteristics which are worth noting. They have the blood of warriors for four thousand years flowing through their veins. Their favorite game is a play founded on war. They call it 'jereed' or spear. A group of boys will choose sides and form in two lines facing each other, each boy with a bunch of wands about six or seven feet long in his left hand. At a word they grasp a spear by the balancing point and hurl it with all their might at the opposing line. The game consists in discharging all one's own spears, and to dodge and catch as they fly past as many as may be of those from the opposing line. It is an exciting game, and calls for considerable skill, and much cool judgment.

Then they have another game called 'shooha' or hawk. One boy will sit in a swing, his toes just touching the ground; the others will swarm round him; he swoops after them like a hawk. The boy that gets caught then has to be 'it.'

They play a game much the same as 'blind man's buff,' only they call it 'ghummiada.' Another game just the same as 'pussy wants a corner,' they call 'biz zorvaia.' 'Kurd murboot,' or tied monkey, is a favorite with them. One boy is tied to a peg or a tree and the rest circle about him, snapping at him with switches or handkerchiefs, with a knot in one corner, teasing him and coming as near as they dare. The boy that is 'it' gets many a jerk to his tied leg if he is not careful, and that's fun for the rest of them, especially if he gets mad, which he is pretty apt to do.

Marbles! Who ever saw a boy who did not know how to play marbles? Arab boys in Syria have two very decided advantages over American boys in that game. In the first place, their marbles don't cost them anything; and in the second place, after they are done playing they can eat them up if they want to. Their marbles are the nut of an almond called 'kelaijby' or little dog. Those same nuts rubbed on a stone and the meat dug out make whistles that you can hear a mile away. If any boy who reads this can get some Arab boy to show him how they shoot the marble, holding it in one hand and firing it out with the other, he will have learned a lesson well worth his while.

They play ball, too; many varieties of the game, but all of them are rather tame games we would think. An American boy would turn up his nose at an Arab ball. They call it a 'tahby,' and it's just about as big and as soft as a mandarin orange.

But of all things an Arab boy loves to gamble. Let one boy get hold of any money and he goes swelling around till he finds another boy with some, and they two go at it and before long one boy will have it all.

Comparatively few Arab boys have come under the influence of the missionaries. Most of them are dreadfully profane. To you or me their oaths would sound very, very strange. Instead of cursing a boy himself who had done something he did not like, the other boy will curse the beard of his grandfather, or the ears of his uncle's donkey, or the water jar that goes to the fountain. Are they not queer lads? Yet when the missionary does reach one of these lads he makes a grand man of him; strong, sturdy, noble in all his words and deeds, a splendid companion, and a thorough Christian gentleman, and, boys, that's the noblest man that walks the earth.—'Wellspring.'

'I Cannot Afford it.'

A young man was invited by a friend to enter a place of amusement which, though very popular and by many looked upon as moral, would not be an uplift to him in his Christian life, and his reply was:—

'No; I cannot afford it.'

'Do not let that make any difference,' urged his companion, 'I will gladly buy your ticket.'

'You misunderstood me,' replied the more thoughtful of the two. 'I was not thinking of dollars and cents, but of precious time, and in how many more profitable ways I could spend my evening.'

'Oh! well, perhaps you are right in the main, but it won't do for a young fellow to be prudish and narrow; he will make a laughing-stock of himself. Go just this once to please me.'

But the other replied manfully and firmly:

'No; the last time I went there it cost me too dear, and I made up my mind I could not run such a risk again.

'Explain yourself,' urged his friend. 'Didn't get your pocket picked, did you?'

'It was a spiritual loss I suffered,' was the low reply. 'Perhaps you will think me weak, but being there that night seemed to drive all good thoughts from my mind for many days; and when once I regained what I had lost, I determined that nothing should tempt me to go where my King would not lead the way.'

What a noble answer, says a writer in 'Young People's Weekly.' How it would rejoice my heart to know that every King's son who reads this paper had the courage to meet temptations with such a refusal.—'Forward.'

Intelligent Horses.

Do Horses Joke?—The 'Youth's Companion' has an interesting account written by Dr. Roberts, of a horse who had retired from active service but exhibited a remarkable talent for playing practical jokes. One instance was slyly picking up a sheep which was in the pasture with him (easily accomplished by means of his teeth and the sheep's wool), and dropping it over the fence. He seemed to watch for a discovery of the feat, and when he saw that some one noticed the sheep he showed his delight by running, snorting, and kicking up his heels. At another time he dragged a heavy maul across the field with his teeth and hid it behind a stump. The men who had seen him do it pretended to hunt for it among the stumps and in fence corners, to the great delight of the old joker, who even tried to divert their attention from the real place when he saw that they were 'getting warm.'

Do Horses Reason?—The doctor gives striking incidents of his own horses. At one time he left 'John' at a post while he made his call, taking care to cover him carefully from the cold wind, but forgetting to tie him. He was soon informed that his horse was making good time towards home. After going a short distance, however, 'John' turned from the road, made a large circuit and trotted back to the post again, shaking his head in apparent appreciation of the joke he had played his master, by way of reminding him of his carelessness. Another horse had been trained to stop when anything was wrong about the harness. At one time he suddenly stopped, but the doctor could perceive no reason for his doing so. He bade him go on, but he would not stir. He gave him a sharp blow with the whip, but still he refused to move. As though thinking how he should inform his master of the trouble, he then turned sharp to the right until the wheel touched the carriage and then stood still. In pulling the left rein to bring him back to the road he found that it had become unfastened from the bridle. Did the horse reason it out that the necessity of pulling that rein would show what the matter was?—'Congregationalist.'

Evening Primrose.

(By Susan Hartley Swett.)

Your soft gleam guides belated bees
Through evening's misty shade,
And lights a pathway for the brooks,
That dance down through the glade
With freshness for the meadow flowers
And music for the listening bowers.

It cheers the sombre wood that holds
The shadows to its breast,
And the far, lonely pasture lands
Where spectral birches rest,
And white moths flit, and whippoorwills
Call weirdly from the silent hills.

A wonder 'tis, for baby's eyes
That peep out for the stars,
And a delight to Jack and Jill
Who linger by the bars;
A solace to the night winds cold,
Whose light wings brush your perfumed gold.

But should you wait for merry day
All in her summer trim,
Your own dull life would be a joy
From dawn till evening dim;
The silverest larks would sing to you,
The butterflies would come to woo.

Sunbeams would nestle at your feet
And kiss your eyelid fair;
The sky would smile into your eyes
With light beyond compare;
And crowds of sister blossoms greet
Your waking in the morning sweet.

But 'No,' you sigh, 'more sweet it is
To live for charity;
For they who dwell apart for this
Aye find fair company;
And songs more silvery than the lark
Chime softly when the world is dark.'
—'Forward.'

LITTLE FOLKS

A Battle Worth Fighting.

(By Maysie.)

Ever since he was quite a baby Max had been fond of soldiers. If he saw one in the street, Max would pull himself up and try to walk with a firm and manly step, and he thought a coat of scarlet the finest color possible.

Max's birthday had arrived, and papa had given him a toy sword. He was delighted.

'Oh, Milsie,' he said to his sister, 'I do wish you were a boy. Then we could fight just like real soldiers. It would be fun.'

'FIRST WE'LL DRILL.'

'Oh, please let me fight!' said Milsie, in eager tones.

'Well, come along then,' said Max. 'See, you shall have this nice big stick, and mind you hold it straight. First we'll drill, and then we'll fight, and I'll kill you with my sword (not really, you know), and you must scream and tumble down.'

The fun began now in good earnest, and the children's mother, who was sewing, soon heard the cries of the wounded, sounding very much like shrieks of laughter.

By-and-bye the little ones came in to her quite breathless with fighting and laughing, and threw themselves on the floor at her feet.

Max exclaimed as soon as he could speak, 'Oh, mother dear, do please let me be a soldier when I'm quite grown up! I do like fighting so very much!'

'Why, Max,' said his mother, 'I was just wishing you would learn to fight.'

'Oh, I'll learn very soon, if you'll let me try,' said Max, eagerly. 'When may I begin, mother?'

'Well, I should like you to begin this very day, Max dear, but I wonder if you can understand the kind of fighting I mean. Whenever we know, deep down in our hearts, that we often do what is wrong, we must look upon that particular fault as an enemy that we ought to fight, whether it is temper, or self-will, or anything else, and whenever these naughty feelings come uppermost, and a voice inside says, "I don't care, I will do as I like!" we must say, "No, I must not do just what I like, I must do just what is right."

'Do you know, Max dear,' she went on, 'it is much, much harder to give up our own way and to fight against our bad feelings, than it is to be one of the Queen's soldiers and fight in real battles. It is so hard that we could never win a single battle by ourselves, so our King has promised to fight for us. Who is our King, Max?'

'You mean Jesus Christ, don't you, mother?' said Max, looking up with earnest eyes. 'I'm glad I shan't have to wait till I'm grown up. I can be that sort of a soldier now, can't I?'

'Yes, Max, surely,' said his mother, 'and to win a victory over ourselves is the very best kind of fighting!'

Max never forgot that little talk. Long years after, when he was a real soldier with a scarlet coat and quite a row of medals on his breast, he often thought of those wise words.

People called him a great hero, but of all his battles 'none,' he would say, 'was so hard to win as those I fought against temper and selfishness, when I was a little boy.'—'Child's Own Magazine.'

Money Dug Out of a Sand-Bank.

The sand-bank showed out of the green pasture land as white as a snow-drift up on the hillside back of the Morris farmhouse; and there the Morris children and all their little visitors from a distance and all their little playmates from the neighborhood had fine times. It was such beautiful, clean white sand, that never stuck to anything, and they built railways and laid out towns and parks, and made fortifications, and built ovens and dug-outs, and everything else that their childish imagination could conceive of.

One morning, old Mrs. Tilton, who lived in a small house over the other side of the hill, asked Jack Morris as he was driving the cows to pasture, if he would please fetch her a pailful of white sand from the knoll. When Jack told the children, you may be sure they were curious to know what she wanted to do with it. So they loaded all their toy carts and waggons and wheelbarrows, with sand, and went in an orderly procession to Grandma Tilton's door. When she saw them she laughed heartily—for she was a pleasant old lady—and said:

'Well, well, I shall have sand enough to make me a dozen sand-bags.'

'What are sand-bags for, please,

Grandma Tilton?' asked the children.

'Why, for rheumatism and neuralgia, to be sure. You heat them hot, and they hold the heat better than anything else; and there are curative properties in sand — although you are too young to understand that. There is nothing so good for toothache or for earache, or to take to bed for your hands or feet on a cold winter's night, as a warm sand-bag. You, every one of you ought to have one of your own.'

'Then everybody ought to have one,' said Nellie Starr, who was always the first to think of things. 'And we might make some to sell, and so earn some money for the mission band. We all belong to it.'

'Why, sure enough!' said Jack. 'There is sand enough.'

'And our mothers will give us bits of cloth.' And away they ran, full of the zeal of a new excitement. Their mothers and older sisters encouraged them in the experiment, only cautioning them to sew the bags nicely with short stitches, and not fill them too full. When the sisters saw the bags, they made pretty flannel cases for them, fancifully embroidered; so, when next the children started out in procession, their carts were loaded with sand in tasteful bags; and they moved slowly down the village street, stopping at every house. When they returned every bag was sold, and they had orders for ever so many more. Does this not go to show that loving hearts and willing hands can always find something to do to help on the Lord's work? And everybody ought to have a sand-bag, who knows that you may not find a hint in this story?—Aunt Annie, in 'Home Mission Echo.'

The Kind of Love.

'What kind of people does God want us to love?' asked Willie. He was getting ready for bed.

'He wants us to love everybody,' said mamma.

'Oh! that's too many,' said Willie; 'altogether too many, I think.

'You mustn't say that,' said mamma, patting her little boy's curly head.

'But all the people in this big world, mamma! See how many there would be,' argued Willie.

'No matter,' replied mamma. 'God loves them all—every one. He has shown us a way, too, by which we may love them; can you think out God's way?'

'Praying for them?' asked Willie.

'Yes,' said mamma. 'Praying for them is loving them.'

So Willie knelt down and prayed for the kind of people God would have us love. This is the way he closed his prayer: 'I mean all the folks there are anywhere in this big world. Amen.'—Greta Bryar in the 'Sunbeam.'

Proud of a Patch.

A poor boy with a large patch on one knee of his trousers was laughed at by a school-mate, who called him 'Old Patch.'

'Why don't you fight him?' cried one of the boys, 'I'd give it to him if he called me so.'

'Oh,' said the boy, 'you don't suppose I'm ashamed of my patch, do you? For my part, I'm thankful for a good mother to keep me out of rags. I'm proud of the patch for her sake.'

A patch is better than a hole, and patched garments which are paid for are more comfortable than new ones which make a man afraid to meet his tailor.—'Sunday-School Advocate.'

Granny.

By Clara Thwaites.

Yes, Granny's work is finished;
We'll fold it and lay it by,
And talk in the quiet twilight,
My little one, you and I.

From the golden dawn of childhood
To the hour of the setting sun,
There are life-long tasks allotted—
My tasks are almost done.

Our Father in heaven gives them;
They are light for the toil-worn hands,
And the voice of his glad approval
Sweetens each day's commands.

But I wonder oft, my darling,
That he should care to own
Our poor and our feeble service,
While angels around his throne.

Are swift and strong in obedience—
But pity his heart doth move,
For we are his own dear children,
And our Father's name is love.—
—'Everybody's Magazine.'

The Primary Catechism on Beer.

(By Julia Colman, National Temperance Society, New York.)

LESSON II.—BREWING.

Q.—How is malted grain used in making beer?

A. — It is bruised between rollers and mashed with water in a mash-tub.

Q.—Why is it mashed with water?.

A.—To wash out the sugar and make the sweetish liquid called the 'sweet wort.'

Q.—What are the grains?

A.—They are the shells left of the barley, and they are usually fed to cattle and hogs.

Q.—What is done with the sweet wort.

A.—It is boiled with hops, and then cooled and placed in large vats, where yeast is added to make it ferment.

Q.—What change does it undergo in fermentation?

A.—The sugar is broken up into alcohol and carbonic acid gas.

Q.—What becomes of these?

A.—The alcohol remains in the beer and the gas rises to the surface in bubbles with the yeast.

Q.—What is done with the beer after it is drawn off?

A.—It is placed in large vats, where the fermentation goes on slowly, and after a while it is put in hogsheads, casks, or bottles, and sold.

'Tu-ne.'

(By Mrs. A. E. C. Maskell.')

One morning, when I was teaching in a small hamlet in the southern part of New Jersey, the schoolhouse door opened and in walked a young man, carrying in his arms a square wooden box filled with dirt.

'Good morning,' said I, 'and what is that for?'

'To spit in,' said he.

'To spit in,' said I. 'Is there anything the matter with your lungs?'

'No 'm; not as I knows on.'

'Then why spit?'

'I use tobacco,' he answered, with a broad, good-natured, grin.

'But I can't allow any of my pupils to use anything so filthy as tobacco; besides, it dwarfs the mind, the intellect, and makes it almost impossible for one addicted to its use to learn anything. Now, I should judge that you are about seventeen?'

'Yes, 'm; nearly eighteen.'

'Studied rhetoric, higher mathematics, physics, and the like?' I asked.

'Huh!' he answered, a slight flush overspreading his swarthy cheek.

'Ah, well, I shall find out after school calls; but take that box outdoors, and if you have any tobacco in your pockets, take it out and lay it on my desk.'

Fred was an obedient boy, and he did all I commanded.

'Now we will see if you can't stop using tobacco,' said I.

'I've tried before, and couldn't,' he said, with a hopeless grin.

'How did you get into the habit?'

'Why, you see, father always used it, and he give it to me when I asked for it, ever since I can remember.'

'Poor boy,' said I, 'and where is your father now?'

'Been dead this five years,' was the reply.

'No more than I expected,' I replied; 'and by your appearance, you, too, will fill an early grave unless you stop smoking and chewing tobacco.'

The boy looked frightened.

'Your skin is about the color of old parchment, and even your eyes are yellow, dull, and heavy looking. I am afraid you will not take it as much of a compliment, but you look very much like an Indian.'

'Indians are great braves; can fight very much,' laughed Fred.

'But they don't make much progress.'

'Do you think it is tobacco that keeps the Indian down?' he asked.

'The excessive use of the poison weed will keep any one down, and if I find out you know very little, I shall know tobacco is the cause.'

Fred looked ashamed, but here our conversation ceased, and I thought no more about it until he came out in a reading class with a number of little tots.

Why, Fred, you in this class?' I asked.

'Yes, 'm,' he answered, not looking me in the face.

'Well, I shall expect you to learn a great deal this winter, and get in a higher class as soon as possible. As you are the largest one in the class, you may read the first paragraph.'

'That isn't the verse I studied,' he answered, turning very red.

'I want my pupils to study every verse in the lesson, and not pick out the verses that they think will come to them. You may read.'

Then poor Fred picked up his book and began, and such reading ! He stumbled along over words of one syllable, and when he made two syllables of the word 'tune' and drawled out 'tu-ne,' I could stand it no longer, but burst into laughter, it all seemed so ludicrous.

I expected Fred would get angry, and I should not have blamed him much if he had; but no, there he stood, with a silly, good-natured grin on his face.

'Fred, I ask your pardon,' I said the next moment, 'and I must commend you very highly for your good nature, but you know the cause of all this, why you can't read better, and I suppose you are just as backward in writing and arithmetic ?'

'I never could write much, because my hands shake so, and as for 'rithmetic, I've got as far as multiplication, but my head seems all muddled like when I try to cipher.

'Just as I expected. Well, Fred, you have your future good in your own hands, to give up tobacco, and become a man, or keep on its use and become but little more than an ignorant savage; which will you choose?'

'I'd like to give up tobacco if I could.'

'I will help you'; and taking from my desk a piece of calamus root, I said: 'Here, every time you want tobacco, just chew on this. You won't chew long because it's so hot.'

Well, my dear readers, it was hard work, But we worked out the reform, and the last I heard of Fred he was a successful business man and a useful citizen of society; but he always declares he could have much greater power if so much of his young life had not been steeped in tobacco. From the bottom of his heart he regrets all those wasted years when he was a slave to tobacco.—'Youth's Temperance Banner.'

The Praises of Water.

'Water is the best drink. God has given it to us and man cannot give us a better. It keeps the head clear, the blood cool, and the hand steady. The shipwrecked sailor on his lonely plank in the midst of the ocean, would part with all he had on earth for a single cup of cold water. The weary traveller in the midst of the Arabian desert, would often gladly do the same for a little to cool his burning tongue. The sick man on his bed of pain often loses his relish for every drink but water; and this drink, too, is often the last he calls for when struggling in the grasp of death. Without water nothing could exist. The green fields would wither, —the flowers would die,—the lofty oak could no longer withstand the fury of the storm,—the beasts of the field would faint and die. How useful, then, is water ! How necessary for the comfort of man, and even for his very existence. Wise and good men in every age have spoken in praise of water and many of them have drunk nothing stronger.'—Burton.

Tricks of the Trade.

The Manchester 'City News' has published some startling revelations, showing the tricks to which brewers and publicans resort to encourage the Sunday trade. It says:

Sunday is the great day for pushing the drink business. Sweets, oranges, cakes, apples, etc., are given to children. Cigars are given to adults. Three-penny bits are placed in a certain number of the pots of liquor. An extra pull at the beer pumps, amounting often to fifty percent more liquor than is asked or paid for' is another inducement. At some places all the pint pots are refilled free, while at other places a gallon or two gallons are contributed by the bartender for the company in which to drink his health.'

The truth of those statements may be assumed, as they have never been denied. The 'City News' roundly charges the brewers with being responsible for those grave moral and legal offences.

Standing in a circle about the grave of the mother of Dwight L. Moody, in the cemetery near Northfield, last summer, Mr. Moody, the Rev. Dr. Pierson, and the Rev. F. B. Meyer took part in a service during which each confessed that he owed all that he was to his mother. Such testimonies must give encouragement to consecrated mothers who are daily devoting time and thought to the children through whom they will live in later years.—'Sunday-school Times.'

Some Little 'Don't Do Its.'

['Uncle Edward,' in the 'Irish Presbyterian League Journal,' gives the following rules to his 'Nephews and Nieces.' Are any of them needed in Canada ?]

Never make faces at anybody. It is rude. Don't do it.

Never speak unkindly to your mother. It is cruel. Don't do it.

Never smoke cigarettes. It is beastly. Don't do it.

Never say a bad word. It is senseless. Don't do it.

Never lose your temper. It is babyish. Don't do it.

Never listen to a bad story. It is vile. Don't do it.

Never forget to wash your face. It is dirty. Don't do it.

Never listen outside doors. It is sneaky. Don't do it.

Never pull the cat's tail. It is unkind. Don't do it.

Never leave orange peel on the path. It is dangerous. Don't do it.

Never despise the old and feeble. It is mean. Don't do it.

Never go inside a drink shop. It is Satan's seat. Don't do it.

Never look longingly upon wine. It is a mocker. Don't do it.

Never knowingly do wrong. It is wicked. Don't do it.

LESSON X.—September 5.

Gentiles Giving For Jewish Christians.

II. Corinthians ix., 1-11. Read chapters viii. and ix. Commit verses 6-8.

GOLDEN TEXT.

'Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich.'—II. Cor. viii., 9.

Home Readings.

M. II. Cor. viii., 1-12.—Christ though rich became poor for us.
T. II. Cor. viii., 13-24.—Our abundance should supply others' wants.
W. II. Cor. ix., 1-15.—Gentiles giving for Jewish Christians.
Th. I. John iii., 1-24.—'Whoso. . . seeth his brother have need.'
F. Psa. cxii., 1-10.—'A good man showeth favor.'
S. Matt. xxv., 31-46.—'I was an hungered and ye gave me meat.'
S. Phil. ii., 1-16.—'Let this mind be in you.'

Lesson Story.

This can truly be called a lesson on giving. In Paul's first letter to the Corinthians he writes 'concerning the collection,' telling them to lay by something on the first day of each week, that there need be no gatherings when the time came to send the money on to Jerusalem. They were to give as God prospered them; their gifts were to be simple and liberal. In the second letter Paul shows them the beauty and grace and joy of giving and finally remarks that it is almost superfluous for him to remind them of their duty toward their poorer brethren, as they had already done so well by them.

But, as he had boasted to others of the generosity of the Corinthians, he could not bear to think that they might perchance have forgotten to lay up beforehand for the collection. He reminds them of the fact that the farmer who wishes for a bountiful harvest must sow with a generous hand. A stingy sowing brings a scant harvest. Then comes the warning against giving grudgingly —God wants no unwilling gifts. God loves and blesses the man who gives gladly, willingly, lovingly to him. What is given to God is never lost, for God uses all willing gifts, and more than makes up in every way for their loss. When we give our most precious treasures to God, he gives us an overflowing blessing that more than fills the place in our hearts that the treasures filled before.

He who gives to God is doubly blessed and amply repaid, for the Lord will be no man's debtor.

Lesson Hymn.

I gave My life for thee,
My precious blood I shed,
That thou mightst ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead;
I gave, I gave My life for thee—
What hast thou given to Me?

And I have brought for thee
Down from My home above,
Salvation full and free,
My pardon and My love;
Rich gifts, rich gifts I brought to thee—
What hast thou brought for Me?

My Father's house of light,
My glory-circled throne,
I left for earthly night,
For wanderings sad and lone;
Long years, long years I spent for thee—
Hast thou spent one for Me?

Lesson Hints.

'The ministering to the saints'—'It pleased them of Macedonia and Achaia to make a certain contribution for the poor saints which are at Jerusalem.' (Rom. xv., 26.)

'Boast of you to them of Macedonia'—urging them to follow your good example. 'Achaia'—another name for Greece.

Verse 5 is rendered thus by Conybeare and Howson: 'Therefore I thought it needful to desire these brethren to visit you before my coming, and to arrange beforehand the completion of this bounty which you before promised to have in readiness; so it be really given by your bounty, not wrung from your covetousness.'

'As he purposeth in his heart'—the amount to be settled with God by the giver. Let there be no coercion, there is no necessity to give money to God, he has untold wealth in gold mines yet undiscovered. He can make 'the widow's mite' go further than the unconsecrated millions grudgingly given. 'A cheerful giver'—literally, a 'hilarious giver.' One to whom it is the greatest joy to give. 'Abound'—overflow. Notice how the 'alls' are heaped together in this verse, reminding us of God's Almightiness. 'As it is written'—in Psalm cxii., 9. 'Ministereth'—provideth. 'Bountifulness'—ungrudging liberality. 'Causes through us thanksgiving'—we distributing the bounty which causes giving of thanks to God.

Search Questions.

Whom had Paul sent to Corinth to see how the church was getting on?

Primary Lesson.

What was the greatest, most valuable present ever given? The present God gave to the world nearly nineteen hundred years ago—'God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life.'

Could we ever give anything to God that would repay him for his wonderful present to us? Could all the money in the world buy us everlasting life?

Money can buy nothing from God. Nothing we could give, not even the whole world could buy us eternal life. How then can we obtain it?

By believing on Jesus Christ. Believing on Jesus does not just mean to believe that Jesus lived and died for us, but to believe that he is God, and that he has all power in heaven and on earth. We must believe everything that he has said, even if no person on earth could be trusted to tell the truth, still God is true. We must be loyal to Christ and believe him and believe everything he says, then all God's most precious gifts will be free to us.

God does not want our money without our love, but if we love him we will be anxious to give him everything we possess, first we give him ourselves, then every thing we have will belong to him. How can we give our money to God? In the book of Proverbs, written by Solomon, we find this verse and others like it: 'He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord; and that which he hath given will he pay him again.' And the words of Jesus are more precious still: 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.'

So we see that giving our money and time to people that need it, is really giving it to God. If Jesus stood before you and held out his hand wouldn't you be glad to put in all you have? And when the collection plate is held out before you, what you put in you give to our Lord just as much as though he were standing there.

Always ask Jesus to bless your little gift, for he can do more with one cent that has been gladly and lovingly and prayerfully given, than he can with ten dollars given grudgingly or without love and prayer.

SUGGESTED HYMNS.

'All for Jesus,' 'My all is on the altar,' 'God loved the world,' 'There is a green hill far away,' 'Jesus paid it all.'

Practical Points.

BY A. H. CAMERON.

(II. Cor. ix., 1-11.)

Three blessings accompany Christian giving: A blessing on the giver, on the receiver, and on those who are stirred up to do likewise. Verses 1, 2.

Paul shows considerable tact in announcing the mission of his messengers. The Christian must be educated to give, and the best education along this line is based upon a knowledge of Christ's person and work, and a sympathy with the needs of men. Verses 3-5; also Matt. xxv., 40.

The cheerful, bountiful giver is counted mad by the world, which seeth not the glorious harvest. But God's love is far more desirable than the applause of this present evil world. Verses 6, 7.

When God in his grace takes us into partnership with himself we belong to no limited company. Christ is our senior partner; his righteousness is eternal and his liberality is proverbial. Verses 8, 9; compare James i., 5.

God ploughs the heart with his spirit, then supplies the seed which is the Word of God. Watered by the prayers of God's people, warmed and quickened by the Sun of Righteousness, the seed begins to grow, till at last the fruits of righteousness appear, conspicuous among which is the grace of liberality. Verses 10, 11.

Tiverton, Ont.

Christian Endeavor Topic.

Sept. 5.—Our gifts from God; our gifts to God.—Rom. viii., 26-39.

Junior Prayer-Meeting Topic.

Sept. 5.—What does God give us, and what should we give God?—Rom. viii., 31-39.

How Can Our Scholars be Interested in Missions.?

The first step must be the conversion of the scholars themselves. How can one unconverted person be interested in the spiritual condition of another unconverted person? As well try, with Dean Swift, to extract sunbeams from cucumbers, as expect to interest unconverted children in unconverted heathen. Remember, too, that God (I say it reverently) cannot make saints at the adult end of life as fast as satan breeds sinners at the childhood end. As in the old cook book, therefore, in giving a recipe for cooking a hare, the author says: 'First catch your hare';so I say, first secure the conversion of your scholars if you would interest them in the conversion of others.

Well, that done, then what? Why, next they must be instructed. Children, like the 'Arabian Nights,' — make missions like the 'Arabian Nights'; children are absorbed in 'Robinson Crusoe'—make missions like 'Robinson Crusoe.' There is no more romantic story in fiction than the history of missions. It is travel, adventure, heroism — exhausts human experience.

Fire the enthusiasm of your scholars. Make them catch the contagion of Henry Martyn and Adoniram Judson. Then urge them to show their feeling in a practical way.

Individualise your scholars' interest. Give them specific cases. We love persons, not abstractions. An excellent method is the support by the Sunday-school of some missionary, who engages to render frequent reports of his work. This, as Shakespeare says of imagination:

'—— bodies forth
The forms of things unknown,
—— and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.'

A Sunday-school which supports a missionary, or which pays for the tuition of some scholar in a missionary school, is a Sunday-school which will be deeply interested in the cause. Interest will thrive on knowledge, and knowledge reacting will intensify interest, which will increase not by simple addition, but in cubic ratio.

Of course, all this will depend, under God, upon the superintendent and the teachers. If they are intelligent, the scholars will be intelligent. If they are awake, the scholars will be awake. Young people demand animation and movement. Some teachers are alive only in the jaw — they talk religion; but there is no life in the hands—they never act it. Alas, for schools where religion is dispensed—and dispensed with! A good teacher will always lead the class, and not resemble that captain of militia in the civil war who said to his company: — 'Boys, charge!'—then got behind the nearest stone wall to see how it worked.—Rev. C. Martyn, D.D.

'God knows. Take that truth for your sheet anchor in all the storms of life, and it will hold firm. He understands. He is infinite and may be trusted to do all things well. What he does now you know not, but you shall know hereafter.'

HOUSEHOLD.

Two Mothers.

I noticed her when she entered the car. There was something strangely attractive about her, though she must have been at least sixty, and her face was so care-worn, and the saddest I ever saw. In spite of my great trouble, I found myself wondering about her and sometimes—for a moment—would almost forget my grief. Only for a moment, though. Then the recollection that my baby—my little, tender baby, used only to the loving clasp of a mother's arms, was in that dreadful box in the jolting baggage car, would come to me in all its terrible reality, and I would forget everything and everybody and remember only my own great sorrow. I wanted my baby; oh, how I wanted him! My heart was aching so for the sound of his little, lisping voice, and the touch of his baby fingers. How could I live without him? Why did God give him to me, only to take him back after that one little year? For weeks I had been so happy planning a visit to my old home with baby. I had told him so much of the dear grandmama he had never seen; I had looked forward so hungrily to the day when she would take him in her loving arms and cuddle him as only she knew how. And now I was taking him to her; not the warm, laughing, dimpled baby she had longed so to see. The little, still, white-clad figure in the casket seemed another child. And the cruel cars jolted noisily on and seemed to say over and over till I could scarcely keep from screaming: 'Where's baby? Where's baby?'

Suddenly the train stopped, and my husband went out to ascertain the cause. It was a broken rail, and we would be detained about half an hour. I was glad, for baby would have a rest from that cruel jolting.

It was then that she came and sat down beside me—the woman with the sweet, sad face, and almost without knowing it, I found myself pouring out my grief to her. It was such a comfort to me (mine was selfish grief, I only thought of myself), and she seemed to understand. She didn't talk much, but her very presence soothed me. My heart was so full of rebellion that day that I did not want to find comfort anywhere. I was sorry when the train started again. 'I change cars at the next station,' she said, 'and it may help you a little in bearing your burden if I tell you something about myself. I am on my way to B—— to see my only son, To-morrow he goes to states prison to serve a life-sentence. I would be the happiest mother on God's earth to-day if I were in your place.' The train stopped, and she pressed my hand and was gone. I watched her as well as I could through my blinding tears till she was lost in the crowd. But those tears were not for baby.

BLANCHE BAILEY KING.

—'N.Y. 'Observer.'

A Useful Remedy.

(By S. H. H.)

There is a great deal of virtue often in simple remedies, and to know how and when to use them saves a mother quite a large doctor's bill often, besides relieving the sufferer while having to wait weary hours for him to come. It is in the country that one finds out the good of simple, effective remedies, because there is no drug store around the corner to send to. Your medicine chest must be your drug store, and physician, too, for the time being. Well, what I want to say is to add to your store of recipes one that I know to be excellent and healing; it is a gargle of salt water and borax. It is good for tonsilitis, ulcerated sore throat, and diphtheria, and all such troubles. It must be a strong solution, and used pretty freely throughout the day and night. It will heal without need of a doctor usually. The powdered borax is also useful for ulcerated throat, to touch the ulcer with a small piece of it, as often as you can reach it, until it disappears.

In times of contagion I have heard an old physician say that if one would lave the mouth and tonsils often and freely with salt and borax water or solution, they would escape diphtheria or scarlet fever. It is a fine disinfectant and purifier, therefore its virtues are well known. Still, it is considered such a simple, effective powder that one has to learn its value, and it is only by experience that I learned its medicinal uses and good. It is a safe thing to have around also where there are little children, and that should go far in its favor, for so often we read sad stories of children being poisoned by the wrong medicine. No danger in this at all. It is also excellent for an irritating cough to let the powdered borax slowly dissolve on the tongue and swallow it. Every family should fortify themselves with a remedy to use in sudden emergencies, and for burns or bruises I know of nothing better; by dipping old linen rags in a strong solution of borax water, and wrapping the burn up in it, all will work well. It will cool and heal the burn, and is pleasant to use. Kerosene is good, but this is better and more pleasant. It is the best all-round remedy that I know of, and it is well for a mother to keep it on hand.—'Christian Work.'

Mother's Library.

Many a poor student has denied himself food and clothing that he might buy books. Motherhood is the noblest of professions, but how many mothers seek to qualify themselves for it by any kind of study or mental discipline? It is commonly taken for granted that instinct is all that a woman needs in order to bring up her children. If that fails her, she is advised to ask guidance of God, and this she conscientiously does, forgetting that our Heavenly Father couples seeking with asking and to a certain extent throws back upon us the responsibility of answering our own prayers. He never enlightens a mind that does not try to enlighten itself, and never gives us that for which we are too lazy to work.

A young mother, claiming much culture and living in a house full of books, complained that she was sorely puzzled by her little daughter, and could neither understand the child nor control her. Being asked if she had read any books on child training or child nature, she replied, in a wondering tone, 'Why, no,' as if that was the last thing to be thought of. Now, no child can be brought up by a book, and no two children can be treated exactly alike—there can never be any hard and fast lines in child training—but the mother who will read and study the best books written upon the subject will find not only a new interest in her children, but a fund of suggestions that will constantly spring to mind and help her to meet many a difficult problem.—'Congregationalist.'

The Housekeeper's Pencil.

'How did our grandmothers ever get along when pencils and paper were not so cheap as at the present day?' asked a comely matron not long ago.

She wore a pencil and a small pad of paper suspended from her belt; and, as she went about her household duties, the two were brought into frequent use. First she jotted down the various articles to be ordered from the grocer, tearing the sheet from the pad, and placing it on a hook in the kitchen. Then she wrote the programme of the cook's work for the day, leaving it where it could be easily read during the washing of the breakfast dishes. Directions for making the dessert were also written and left near the molding board.

Fastened in the mirror of her own room I noticed a paper telling of her plans and engagements for the day; and on her desk a list of letters which should be written. She also showed me a schedule for a little reception which she was to give the next week; what refreshments were to be served, what dishes to be used, what changes to be made in the arrangement of the rooms.

'I woke up early this morning and planned it all out,' she said; 'then I wrote it down, and now I can dismiss it entirely from my mind until the day comes, which is a great relief. Now I must go upstairs and look up the children's spring clothing; for, if this mild weather continues, they will need it before many days.'

Arrived on the third floor, it was evident that the pencil had done its work there, too. Pinned to the side of each closet door was a list of the contents of the room; every box or trunk bore a similar statement of what might be found within, and each carefully wrapped package was plainly labelled.

'What an immense amount of work this must have been!' was my comment.

'Not half so much as it used to be before I had learned this method, when I had to handle over dozens of the wrong things in searching for some article needed at once,' was the reply.

There was little difficulty in believing this statement, after watching the speed with which she discovered the things wanted, making it the work of only a few minutes to collect the spring outfit.

'Fortunately for them,' I said, 'our grandmothers didn't have the same need of pencils. Their houses were smaller, their possessions more limited, their entertainments more simple, their bill of fare less elaborate, so they probably never felt the lack of what you look upon as a necessity.'

'You are doubtless right,' was the response, 'but since life has become so complex, I give thanks daily for cheap pencils and paper.' And, after luncheon, when we were ready to go out for the afternoon, this thoughtful mother showed me another sheet which she put where the children would be sure to see it when they came home from school. It read: 'Gone to make some calls, and to an afternoon tea at Mrs. Holbrook's; expect to be back at six; will James please take the package on the library table over to Aunt Kate's; he may stay till half-past five; Ruth must go to the dressmaker's at 4 o'clock, then go to papa's office and come home with him.'

'The package and the dressmaker I knew nothing about when the children left for school this morning,' was her explanation, 'and I have learned by sad experience that maids are quite as likely to get things wrong as right, and such messages bother them anyway. For accuracy and lack of trouble there is nothing like black and white.'

Was it strange that, as we left the house, I felt that I had gained new ideas concerning the importance of the housekeeper's pencil.'—Martha Clark Rankin, in the 'Outlook.'

Selected Recipes.

Baked Indian Pudding. — One quart of sweet milk boiled, add two eggs well beaten, with three tablespoonfuls of corn meal, and one of flour, a little salt, one half-cup of sugar, and one-half cup of raisins. Bake forty-five minutes, stirring two or three times while baking. Serve with pudding sauce or with butter.

Nut Salad.—Two cups of broken English walnut kernels, and two cups of celery cut rather fine, not chopped; mix with mayonnaise dressing and serve on lettuce leaves cut into ribbons. Mayonnaise Dressing. — Yolk of two eggs mixed with one small teaspoonful of salt; slowly stir in oil until thick, and then thin with lemon juice, and thicken again with oil; add cayenne pepper and mustard if desired.

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All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'